The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, OCTOBER 25, 1873. NO. 26.

Fanny's Kitty.

KITTY, Kitty, where's my kitty?
I would like to know;
She was frisking close beside me,
Little while ago.

Pussie, Pussie, little Pussie,
Oh! how still you keep;
Are you hiding 'mid the daisies?
Are you playing "peep?"

Pussie, I will try to find you;
Mew, I'll do the same;
That's one way my little Kitten
We can play the game.

Pussie, Pussie, I have found you,
Oh, how still you sit;
Waiting sly to catch the birdies
That may near you flit.

Fly away sweet Bobolinkum;
Kitty, come with me;
I'm surprised that you, my darling,
Would so cruel be.

Let the birds go free and happy;
You've the best of care;
And you need no little songster
Added to your fare.

H. H. D.

The Little Ones.

A ROW of little faces by the bed,
A row of little hands upon the spread,
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise.
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

For the Myrtle.

Her Duty.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Watsoever ye do to the least of one one of these, ye do it unto me

MAMA! mama! can I have my shawl and go in the garden a little while, where the sun shines so beautiful? say, mama, may I?"

"Don't disturb me, child! Do what you will, only go and leave me quiet."

And the little round, rosy faced Fanny sprang lightly into the garden, very joyful that she had so quickly won her small victory, while Frau Piermont sat with her head leaning upon her hand, the ugly fold deepening between her eyebrows, which care and perplexity had made there.

"I really do not know what I shall do," she said softly to herself. "It is easy enough for the minister to stand up in the pulpit before us and say: 'do your duty.' But what shall one do when one has half a dozen conflicting duties? That is what I should like to know! There is Piermont with the same income he had ten years ago, and here our expenses, for rent, food and clothing are doubled, beside six children to provide for—without Alice—yes, there it is, without Alice!"

Unconsciously Frau Piermont's mind reverted to the time when one night they took in the little waif left upon a neighbor's doorstep, and gave it the place in their hearts left desolate by the recent death of their third child.

Nine years had since passed and the little Alice had lived by her fireside, nine years had the little head with the golden hair, like a friendly sunbeam, played with her own black haired little ones, and to-day, for the first time, had the good-hearted, but practical woman felt that Alice was one too many among her children.

"She is a pretty, good, obedient girl," continued the woman to herself, "but she has not the shadow of a claim upon me; and now with such outgoes I need every cent, and with all can scarcely make the year's ends meet; now is it not my duty to care first for my own children? Susie and Bess must have new winter clothes and Alice must go to the Orphan House."

As she had arrived at this conclusion the door softly opened and a little maiden came in, a fairy-like child with long golden curls and pale face.

"Mama, I have mislaid little brother's neckkerchief," and she looked frightened at the clouded face of Frau Piermont, "truly I did not mean to and I will look farther for it."

"You are a naughty, negligent child," said Frau Piermont, and pushed the little creature from her, whom she would tenderly have taken in her arms; but she must steel her heart against such emotions. "That necktie was worth five dollars, it was made of real lace, and it was only yesterday that you broke a plate; we are not made of gold, Alice, we are very poor people, so poor that—she hastily checked the sentence—that you must go to the Orphan House."

"To the orphan-house, mama?" and it seemed the breath of the little one stopped, so frightened was she at the word.

"I am not your mother, Alice, and it will be better that you break yourself of the habit of calling me so."

And Frau Piermont thought of her own six children and checked all sympathy with the poor child's pain that lay in the four words of her frightened question.

"Go rock the baby, child, Bridget must go out, and I have no time to answer your question."

Frau Piermont dismissed the child abrubtly and sternly. She had decided to give her into the hands of the city authorities, and determined to do it quickly before the return of her husband, who was absent on a short business journey, and ere she herself should relent.

"I will think no more about it, and say nothing more to her upon the subject. I should indeed be a goose at the last to let the child's blue eyes and sweet voice overthrow all my economical plans and future prospects of the house."

Besides, Frau Piermont felt sure that Alice would have a strong advocate in her husband, were he at home, men are so inconsistent and stupidly good natured, neither would she mention her plan to the children.

"Children understand nothing of such things!" she thought.

No, thank God! children know nothing of deceit, avarice, or wise calculation, therefore Jesus said "whoso would enter into the Kingdom of heaven must become as a little child."

Why did not Frau Piermont think of that?

The little Alice was very happy to be permitted to go to walk with her mama that afternoon, she thought no evil, suspected nothing as they entered a gloomy house with a desolate yard in front.

"Mama," said she, "who lives here that we are to visit? It looks so dark and sad, no trees, no flowers, no spears of grass, only broken earthern, stones and chips lying around. Mama, we shall not stay long in the hateful house, shall we?"

Perhaps Frau Piermont felt a warning conscience, and something of remorse and guilt, but she must do her "duty."

She took Alice by the hand, entered a dim, meanly furnished room where an old stern looking, lean woman in a nun-like attire sat engaged in needle work.

"O," drawled Frau Benkon, after Frau Piermont had introduced herself, "this, then, is the child."

"Yes, this is Alice," she interrupted, and colored to her forehead, "We have always called her Alice Piermont, but naturally, now, she must receive another name."

"Why now, mama?" asked the little Alice with a scared look and heavy heart as she looked up at the woman, who for nine years had been a mother to her. "Am I not any more Alice Piermont?"

Frau Piermont kissed the child upon her forehead.

"Be a good girl, Alice, and do all this woman tells you to. We must part now; good by."

Alice became pale as death and clung fast to the hand of her adopted mother.

"Mama! mama! you will not leave me?" she shrieked in a heart-cutting tone.

"Ah, bah," said the stern looking old woman while she tore the child from her mother, "what's

the use of a scene. Little girl, those who scream here, have to go into a dark cellar."

Before Alice, half blinded by tears, could free herself from the hands of Frau Benkow, Frau Piermont, without another good-by had gone and left the terrified child alone with the old woman, withered in body and soul.

"Anyway," said Frau Piermont, as she left the house with threatening conscience, "anyway, I've done 'my duty.' Alice had no claim upon me, and with my children's needs I cannot support her."

Two weeks passed when Herr Piermont returned from his journey. He was a fat chuckle-headed man, with great red whiskers and little blue eyes; seemingly all flesh, without either heart or soul; yet his children received him with an outcry of joy and huddled about him, a sure sign that he must have a good heart. Children recognize instinctively, they are not deceived.

"But where is Alice?" cried rosy papa Piermont, as he sunk back in his arm chair, half out of breath, with one child upon his shoulder, one at his feet, a third on his arm, a fourth upon his left knee, "but where is Alice? What has become of my dear little, golden haired, lazy bones, that she is not here?"

There was a sudden silence, Frau Piermont sewed so fast it seemed as though her arm was driven by electricity.

After a pause, she said calmly, "I have sent Alice to the Orphan House."

Herr Piermont, to whom rising under other circumstances would have been a burden, suddenly jumped from his chair, as though he had been shot from a mortar, and unconsciously shook off his children; "Alice! To the orphan House! our poor little Alice! Nonsense!" he exclaimed as though he had not heard aright.

"I felt it my duty!" Frau Piermont answered, hastily. "You know she was not our own child, the times are hard, and I need the money you have laid by, for Susie's and Bessie's winter clothes and—"

Herr Piermont's good natured face suddenly changed and he looked at his wife as she had never seen him before, with a look of scorn and contempt.

"It must indeed be bad times," he said in a very grave tone, "if there is no longer a crust of bread or an ell of calico can be had for little Alice. Wife, wife, where have you left your heart? What did you think? Alice at the Orphan House! Come get ready quickly, we will fetch her away at once!"

Frau Piermont began to weep hysterically, for her husband's words and her own conscience agreed.

"Yes, yes, child," comfortingly spoke the good husband, and petted her as though she had been the two years old Barbara, "yes, yes I know all but Alice makes no difference; she eats no more than a bird, and tears her clothes so little, was so contented, and always the first to meet me at the door. God bless her little heart! Come, Frau, come, we will fetch her away at once, and think if our own children were orphans, sitting there and weeping and—"

Herr Piermont took his hat and overcoat, without finishing the sentence and hastily went out, followed by his wife; she had only thrown on a shawl and was never before so quickly ready.

"We were going to send for you soon," said the peevish old Frau Benkow, whom they met in the entry, "but it is too late now, but you can come in."

"Hope she is not sick," said Mr. Piermont, with excitement.

"Sick?" said Frau Benkow with surprise, "no, not sick, but dead! and she has done nothing for the last four-and-twenty hours but fill our ears with shrieks for her mama, listening if she could not hear her at the door; it was enough to make a stone nervous. I said if she did not die soon we must send for you; but our doctor thought no one ever died from longing, and so we left it. Now she is dead and it is better so, thank God."

Thus spoke the woman whom the city appointed and paid to be the orphan's mother, while Herr and Frau Piermont bent over the little fairy-like form whose golden locks were stroked over her cold forehead, and the little still hands folded upon her breast.

"What was the matter with her?" asked Herr Piermont in an inaudible voice, while he strove to repress his tears.

"O, I don't know, nothing in particular," said the old woman with indifference, "she died of homesickness!" True; the little Alice had gone to the eternal garden reserved by Christ for the little ones who die starved for parents' love.

But Frau Piermont had only done "her duty."

Mrs. C. A. Riley.

"OUR idle days," says Bishop Hall, "are the devil's busy ones.

For the Myrtle.

The Greatest Artist.

THERE were once two painters who had a rivalry as to which was the greater artist.

The first painted a bunch of cherries and invited his brother artist to come and see his work. He placed his painting in the window, and as they sat and talked the birds flew down and pecked at the illusive fruit.

"It is truly a wonderful work," said the second artist.

Again, the first painted a picture and invited his friend to see it. It was the picture of a sheaf of wheat, and he placed it against a tree in the park in front of his dwelling. As they looked at it, a cow coming by, turned and gazed at the wheat-sheaf, and put out her tongue to taste of the tempting grain.

"You have mirrored nature indeed," cried the delighted friend, forgetting his rivalry.

Then he invited the first artist to visit him and look upon his work.

He went on the morrow but could discern no painting in sight. It was a warm day and the room in which they sat was close. "Come," said he, "let us sit by the open window." But when he reached it, the wall proved to be a screen, and the landscape he had seen through the open window, was painted thereon.

"I yield!" he cried in admiration. "My art could deceive the birds and beasts; but yours have deceived even me."

Then spoke the artist's wife, who was wiser than either. "Is not he who made the fruit and the grain and the landscape, a more perfect painter still? Let us forget our rivalries, and humble ourselves before his work, who alone is the great Artist."

H. A. B.

———o-o-o———

The Old-World Sparrow.

WE hear the note of a stranger bird,
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race.
He has followed their path to our hemisphere;
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain;
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,
And grubs for his chirping family
Are strewn when winter fields are drear:
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Fitch so well describe,
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear;
For the Old-World sparrow, their foe, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray
May ripen now on the loaded spray;
And the nectarine on the garden walk
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk;
And the p'um its fragrant fruitage rear:
For the Old-World sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk,
Who signs with the crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear:
For the Old-World sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army worm, and the Hessian fly,
And the dreaded canker worm, shall die;
And the thirp, and slug, and fruit-moth seek
In vain to escape that busy beak;
And fairer harvests shall crown the year:
For the Old-World sparrow at last is here.

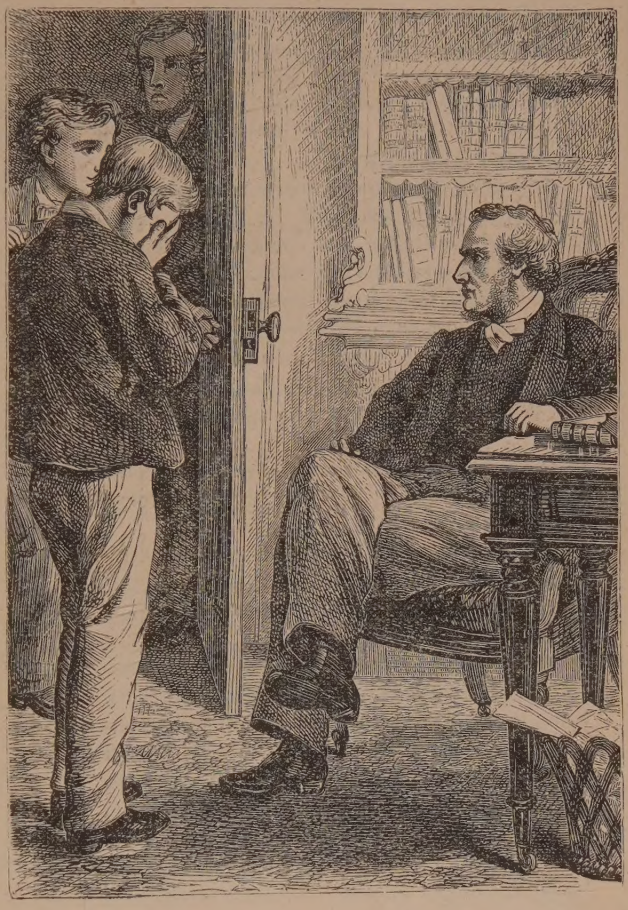
GOD helps them that help themselves. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

For the Myrtle.

Telling Large Stories.

IN Dr. Holland's book, "Arthur Bonnicastle," there is a story of a school called the Bird's Nest, because it was kept by Mr. and Mrs. Bird, where Arthur went when he was a small boy. In this school the boys were encouraged in governing themselves instead of being governed, and many were the funny times they had in hunting out misdemeanors to be reported to the master and corrected.

Arthur himself had a foolish habit of telling large stories, or as the boys called it, "blowing." Once they summoned him before the "High Society of Inquiry." He found the boys all assembled in his room, holding a mock court.



"The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me," said the presiding officer, in a tone of severity.

Arthur was marched into the middle of the room, and stood with arms folded, as became the grand occasion. He thought it was some kind of a "lark" and determined to play his part well.

His roommate was brought forth to accuse him.

"What is the offence?" said the judge. "He tells," replied Henry, "stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and wonderful deeds."

Arthur began to realize that he was to be exposed to ridicule. The tears came into his eyes, but he would neither cry nor run away.

"Will you give us some specimens of his stories?" asked the judge. Henry said he could but do so by asking questions; and began;

"Arthur, did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on your way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a fox in the middle of the road, and cut off his tail with the wheel of the chaise, and that you sent that tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?"

"Yes, I did," said Arthur his face flushing with shame.

And did said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister, to be worn in said hat?" inquired the judge in a grum voice.

"No," said Arthur "but," trying to justify himself, "but I did see a fox—a real black fox as plain as day."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the boys in chorus, "he did see a fox, a real black fox as plain as day."

"The witness will pursue his inquiries," commanded the judge.

"Arthur," Henry continued, "did you, or did you not, tell me that when on your way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, and that Mr. Bird's horse chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?"

"I s'pose I did," said Arthur desperately.

"And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear and toss him over said fence and break said leg?" demanded the judge.

"He didn't catch him by the ear," said Arthur, "but he really did chase a calt."

"Oh! oh! oh!" chimed in the chorus, "he really did chase a calt!"

And so on, for two or three more stories. Arthur grew nearly wild with the strange excitement, and the shame and confusion. He grew pale, and burst into the most violent crying. The boys thought they would conclude the case in a hurry, but just then an usher opened the door and in walked the master, upon the scene. Arthur ran to him and caught his hand.

"What does this mean?" inquired the master.

The judge, who was the largest boy, explained that they had been trying to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying.

Mr. Bird took a chair and patiently heard the whole story. He then explained to the boys that Arthur did not mean to lie, but his vivid imagination ran away with him.

"But I am glad if he has learned" said the master, "that he cannot win admiration by telling what is not true. If he wishes to be loved and admired, he must always tell the exact truth, neither more nor less." He then dispersed the boys, and had a long and kindly talk with Arthur about keeping his foolish imagination in check.

Arthur went away humbled and convinced of his fault, and had not a hard thought towards the boys who had brought him to his trial. He saw that they were his friends and determined to prove himself worthy of their friendship.

If any little boy or girl has fallen into this foolish habit of Arthur Bonnicastle, let them see by this how their large stories sound when brought face to face with the simple truth. And let them hereafter so guard their words that they will not be ashamed to be summoned before a High Society of Inquiry.

H. A. B.

SELF-HELP.—He who has not learned the lesson of resolute self-help has made little progress as a student; has grown little towards real manhood. Half the world refuses to do its own thinking, to toil through the solution of its own knotty problems; hence, half the world which will not do this, must be subject to the other half of it which will.

May's Birdie.

MY own darling birdie
Come hither to me,
And sit on my finger, I pray,
The cage door is open,
There's nothing to fear.
For I'm only your own Mistress May.

O sweet birdie! tell me,
Of what do you think,
As you sit in the cage all the day?
Do you think of the fields
Where the soft breezes blow,
And wish you could fly far away?

Do you think of the isle
In the midst of the sea,
Where long months ago, was your home?
Do you wish you were free,
And again as of old,
O'er the mountain and forest could roam?

Of what are you singing
When bright morning comes,
And you carol your merries lay?
Are you thanking "Our Father"
For sunshine again,
And asking his care through the day?

And when the night falls,
And high up on the perch,
You peacefully settle to sleep,
Do you trust the same Friend,
Who has kept you all day,
In safety and quiet to keep?

When cloudy days come,
And 'tis dreary without,
And raining and storming begin,
How can you so sweetly
Sing on as before,
And make it all sunshine within?

And though in a cage
You must live all your days,
And be shut from the pure air of heaven,
How can you so cheerfully
Bear with your lot,
And sing thanks for each blessing that's given?

Oh! teach me, dear birdie,
When fair morning dawns,
To raise my first thoughts to the Friend
Who keeps us by night,
And who guides us all day,
And whose presence is strong to defend.

And teach me to cherish,
By faith and by prayer,
A heart that is always content;
And whatever may come,
May I still chant the praise
Of the Giver by whom it is sent!

Now, birdie, fly back
To your own little cage,
The sun is already in bed;
So slumber in peace
Till he rises again,
And the shadows and darkness are fled.

Well Spring.

The New York Institute.

While we were in Maine attending our Sunday School meeting, another, much larger in numbers and broader in range of topics was going on in New York city. Our good friends, the newspapers, tell us all about it and we get from their story probably very much the same to tell again, that we should had we been present. Rev. Mr. Perry presided on the first day. Dr. Chapin in his address of welcome, made prominent the thought that our work is not wholly reformatory, but more especially *formative*. We should mould the young life aright at first, and anticipate and prevent the career of sin. If that could be perfectly done no reformation would be needed. The child would be always saved.

Rev. Mr. Nye gave a history of the Sunday School; how it was first a secular school for poor children, but came gradually to be a religious school for all. He then talked about its present and future; thought it a hopeful thing that it felt itself imperfect. It should be a school for all, old as well as young. We should get rid of the old notion that it is a "baby school." The Sunday School should be graded, he thought, and a regular system of instruction given, from young to old, as in the day-schools. This closed the exercises of Wednesday morning except the lively time of question and answers.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Bowles talked about the Bible Class, in which he included the whole school, since every class, he said, should be a Bible class. Then Mrs. J. H. Amies gave an illustration of object-teaching with a flower for a lesson. Then followed an interesting time of questioning and brief speeches. In the evening came Dr. Fisher's lecture on the young men and the ministry, in which he stated that the Sunday School was a very important means in inclining the young to the studies and tastes which point to the ministry.

Thursday morning opened with a teacher's experience-meeting, led by Mrs. Soule. One of the chief themes was how to retain the growing-up youth in our schools. There was but one true answer, of course,—make the school so interesting that they cannot leave it. Next Rev. M. Keyes made a plea for the Sunday School library. He counseled the taking of great care that no books of evil influence be found in the library, after that everything is good that children will read. The best books on all subjects, but especially religious books, not forgetting such as teach true doctrines. Rev. M. R. Leonard read an essay on Teachers Meetings in which he made three points,—that teachers must attent; that they must be taught; and that the teaching must have a definite object. That really covers the whole ground.

Then Dr. Vincent of the Methodist church who had kindly consented to help on the Institute, gave his excellent talk on "The Superintendent;" and as Dr. Vincent is the most famous of Sunday School men in his own church he was listened to with great interest. His first point was that the school and the church are one; the school is the church at work. As the Superintendent he must be a fit leader in so momentous a work. He must have eyes to see, a presence to command and a geniality that it is pleasant to follow. He must talk little, guard others against interruption, keep all at work, keep visitors and "the boy who circulate library-books," away. He must see the proper aim of the school, and guide it to spiritual results. A shower of questions of course followed, which Dr. Vincent answered most aptly, to everybody's full satisfaction.

In the afternoon Rev. Mr. Dodge gave one of his charming talks about "How Children Think." They must be impressed, they said, by things which they can see and touch. They think at random too, and while you are talking one way they put the next question another way. One must take them on the wing. Get their love, and they will believe you without question. But they cannot reason out your facts. You must quide them from facts to conclusions.

Rev. Mr Hervey gave one of his illustrative exercises on "The Blackboard." As he makes the blackboard exercises in the *Helper*, it will be believed that his work was of great interest. Then came a general talk on questions of interest such as "How shall we fill our vacant seats?" and "How shall we induce scholars to read the Bible?" In the evening Dr. Bolles gave a deeply interesting lecture on the theme of "The Bible illustrated by Nature So closed the third Institute.

What an Englishman Thinks of Our Sunday Schools.

The *Methodist* tells its readers about the visit of Mr. J. H. Hartley to this country as a representative of the London Sunday School Union, and the report he has made to the Union of what he saw and heard. The *Methodist* says:—

The report is a glowing eulogy of our system, and shows the difference of the development of the Sunday School idea in the United States and England. It may be said, in brief, that more time, thought, and money are expended upon Sunday Schools here than there. Mr. Hartley was especially attracted by the buildings erected for the use of the children. "Their architecture," says the report, "their general arrangement, the way in which class-rooms were provided, the carpets which covered them, the fountain and flowers with which they were adorned, the elegant library, the spring tables which rise from the floor, the chairs for the children, and the easy-chair for the superintendent, provided him with subject-matter for description which made the mouths of his hearers water, just as he declared the realities had made his own water. He eulogized the manner in which American men of wealth determined that the buildings dedicated to religious purposes should be worthy of their object, and gave glowing accounts of luxurious church parlors, equal in their appointments to any drawing-room, where the business meetings of the churches are held. No wonder that the Americans find little difficulty with week-night services and with the attendance of children at their schools."

Mr. Hartley was delighted also with the universality of attendance upon the Sunday School in the United States. In England, the school is for poor children: with us it is for all children. "One great reason assigned by Mr. Hartley," we quote again from the report, "amid the cheers of the meeting, for the flourishing condition of the Sunday Schools there is, that they are not looked down upon, but occupy a place of high esteem in the churches. The minister in very many cases is a regular attendant, opens the school, catechises not only the children, but the teachers, and holds preparation classes during the week. The superintendents and the teachers are, for the most part, the most intelligent members of the church—bankers, merchants, generals, and lawyers, being frequently mentioned by Mr. Hartley as among them."

Mr. Hartley's hearers were so much delighted with his report, that he was requested to repeat it to a second audience. The interest in the Sunday School is growing in England. The Wesleyans have, this year, determined to organize a "Union," and the plan of teaching the children the same lesson on each Sunday through all Christendom is likely to become universal.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXII.—PAUL.

Question. — To what place did the missionaries go from Antioch?

Answer. — Acts xiv. 1.

Q. — Into what place did they go?

A. — Acts xiv. 1.

Q. — What effect did their preaching have upon the people?

A. — Acts xiv. 1.

Q. — What did the unbelieving Jews do?

A. — Acts xiv. 2.

NOTE. What the Jews told the citizens of the city, respecting Paul and Barnabas, has not been preserved to us. But in this case, as in other instances, they must have told falsehoods of the missionaries to influence the people against them.

Q. — How long did Paul and Barnabas remain in Iconium preaching the gospel?

A. — Acts xiv 3.

Q. — How was the city affected by their preaching?

A. — Acts xiv. 4.

Q. — What did the opposing Gentiles and Jews design to do to the missionaries?

A. — Acts xiv. 5.

Q. — Did their design come to the knowledge of Paul and Barnabas?

A. — Acts xiv. 6.

Q. — What did the missionaries do to escape?

Q. — Acts xiv. 6.

Bible Questions

How many went up out of captivity, and came again to Jerusalem? How many of their servants and maids were there besides? How many singing men and women? How many animals?

What rejoicing city dwelt carelessly? What is said of it?

Who knoweth no shame? What would the Lord smite with astonishment and with baldness?

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

The initials give one of the names of our Lord and the finals that of a patriarch.

Son of Japheth.
Eldest son of Jessie.
The residence of the descendants of Noah.
A queen.
A prophet.
A great man among the Anakims.
Son of Noah.

Enigma. No. 2.

I am composed of eighty letters.

My 6, 38, 61, 55, 27, 9, 60, 20, was a prophet.
My, 31, 55, 28, 12, 17, 33, smote the prophet Jeremiah.
My 30, 79, 80, 59, 15, 78, was noted for its vineyards.
My 68, 76, 73, 39, 14, 55, 44, 38, 9, 56, 48, 78, was the name of a well between Kadesh and Bered.
My 31, 17, 24, was a king of Assyria.
My 47, 75, 69, 14, 60, 20, was a grandson of Shem.
My 42, 38, 54, 22, 16, 10, was a king of Assyria.
My 50, 5, 41, 31, 2, 13 4, was stoned to death.
My 31, 52, 9, 79, 49, 6, 38, 58, was a grandson of Aaron.
My 18, 12, 21, 1, 23, 37, 3, 46, 57, 70, 68, 38, 68, 14, was built by the ancients.
My 63, 19, 36, 72, 8, is a bird spoken of in the Bible.
My 33, 65, 45, is an animal spoken of in the Solomon's Songs.
My 29, 66, 29, 77, 24, 26, is a weed mentioned in Job.
My 29, 71, 74, 64, 55, 11, 7, is a dwelling mentioned in Isaiah.
My 62, 34, 60, 35, 20, is the wages of sin.
My 67, 53, 68, 32, is mentioned in the Bible.
My whole may be found in the book of Esther.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,

37 Cornhill, Boston.

TERMS — PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.
Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.